Bear ye one another's Burdens;

OR, THE

VALLEY OF TEARS:

A VISION.

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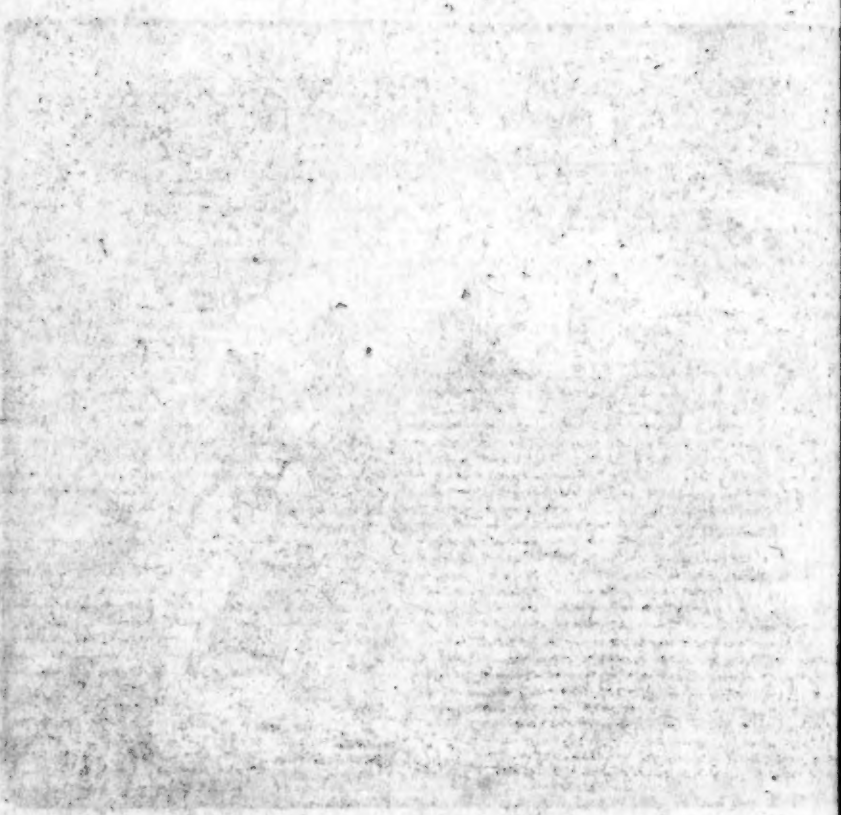

Bear ye one another's Burdens.

ONCE upon a time methought I ſet out upon a long journey, and the ace through which I travelled appear- to be a dark Valley which was called e valley of Tears. It had obtained is name not only on account of the any ſorrowful adventures which poor ſſengers commonly meet with in their urney through it; but alſo becauſe oſt of theſe Travellers entered it weep- g and crying, and left it in very great in and anguiſh. This vaſt valley was ll of people of all colours, ages, ſizes,

and deſcriptions. But whether whi
or black, or tawney, all were trave
ling the ſame road; or rather they we
taking different little paths which all l
to the ſame common end.

Now it was remarkable that notwit
ſtanding the different complexions, ag
and tempers of this vaſt variety of pe
ple, yet all reſembled each other in t
one reſpect, that each had a burden
his back which he was deſtined to car
through the toil and heat of the da
until he ſhould arrive by a longer
ſhorter courſe at his journey's e
Theſe burdens would in general ha
made the pilgrimage quite intolerab
had not the Lord of the Valley, out
his great compaſſion for theſe poor P
grims, provided among other thin
the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entra
of the Valley, there were written
great letters the following words,

Bear ye one another's Burdens.

Now I ſaw in my viſion that ma

f the Travellers hurried on without opping to read this inſtruction, and hers, though they had once read it, et paid little or no attention to it. A ird ſort thought it very good advice r other people, but very ſeldom appli- it to themſelves. In ſhort I ſaw that o many of thoſe people were of opini- n that they had burdens enough of their wn, and that there was therefore no oc- aſion to take upon them thoſe of others; each tried to make his own load as ght, and his own journey as pleaſant s he could, without ſo much as once aſting a thought on a poor over loaded eighbour. Here however I have to ake a rather ſingular remark, by which ſhall plainly ſhew the folly of theſe lfiſh people. It was ſo ordered and ontrived by the Lord of this valley, at if any one ſtretched out his hand lighten a neighbour's burden, in fact e never failed to find that he at that oment alſo lightened his own. Be- des, the obligation to help each other, nd the benefit of doing ſo were mutual. a man helped his neighbour it com- only happened that ſome other neigh-

bours came by and by and helped him in his turn; for their was no such thing as what we call *independence* in the whole Valley. Not one of all these Travellers, however ſtout and ſtrong could move on comfortably without aſſiſtance, for ſo the Lord of the Valley whoſe laws were all of them kind and good, had expreſsly ordained.

I ſtood ſtill to watch the progreſs of theſe poor way-faring people, who moved ſlowly on, like ſo many Ticket-porters, with burdens of various kinds on their backs; of which ſome were heavier, and ſome were lighter, but from a burden of one kind or other, not one Traveller was entirely free.

The Widow.

A ſorrowful Widow, oppreſſed with the burden of grief for the loſs of an affectionate huſband, would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the ſurviving children with great alacrity ſtepped forward and ſupported her. Their kindneſs after a while, ſo much

ghtened the load which threatened at rſt to be intolerable, that ſhe even ent on her way with chearfulneſs.

The Husband.

I next ſaw a poor old man tottering nder a burden then ſo heavy, that I ex-ected him every moment to ſink under .. I peeped into his pack, and ſaw it as made up of many ſad articles; there as poverty, oppreſſion, ſickneſs, debt, nd what made by far the heavieſt part, ndutiful children. I was wondering ow it was he had got on even ſo well s he did, till I ſpied his wife, a kind, eek, Chriſtian woman, who was doing er utmoſt to aſſiſt him. She quietly ot behind, gently laid her ſhoulder to e burden; and carried a much larger roportion of it than appeared to me hen I was at a diſtance. She not on-ſuſtained him by her ſtrength. but heered him by her counſels. She told im that "through much tribulation e muſt enter into reſt," that "he that vercometh ſhall inherit all things." n ſhort, ſhe ſo ſupported his fainting

ſpirit, that he was enabled to "run wit
patience the race that was ſet befo
him."

The kind Neighbour.

An infirm blind woman was creepin
forward with a very heavy burden, i
which were packed ſickneſs and wan
with numberleſs other of thoſe raw ma
terials, out of which human miſery
worked up. She was ſo weak that ſh
could not have got on at all, had it no
been for the kind aſſiſtance of anothe
woman almoſt as poor as herſelf; who
though ſhe had no light burden of he
own, cheerfully lent an helping han
to a fellow traveller who was ſtill mo
heavily laden. This friend had indee
little or nothing to give, but the ver
voice of kindneſs is ſoothing to the wea
ry. And I remarked in many other ca
ſes, that it was not ſo much the degre
of the help afforded, as the manner o
helping, that lightened the burden
Some had a coarſe, rough clumſy wa
of aſſiſting a neighbour, which, thoug
in fact it might be of real uſe, yet ſeem

l, by galling the Travellers, to add to e load it was intended to lighten; hile I obſerved in others that ſo cheap kindneſs as a mild word, or even an fectionate look made a poor burdened retch move on cheerily. The bare eeling that ſome human being cared for im, ſeemed to lighten the load. But return to this kind neighbour. She ad a little old book in her hand, the overs of which were worn out by much ſe. When ſhe ſaw the blind woman eady to faint ſhe would read her a few ords out of this book, ſuch as the fol-owing—"Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit, or theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they hall be comforted." "I will never eave thee nor forſake thee." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The Clergyman.

A pious Miniſter, ſinking under the weight of a diſtreſſed pariſh, whoſe worldly wants he was totally unable to

bear, was ſuddenly relieved by a goo widow, who come up and took all th ſick and hungry on her own ſhoulder The burden of the pariſh thus divide became tolerable. The Miniſter, bein no longer bowed down by the tempor diſtreſſes of his people, applied himſe chearfully to his own part of the weigh And it was pleaſant to ſee how tho two perſons, neither of them very ſtrong or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uni ting together, were enabled to bear th weight of a whole pariſh; though ſingly either of them muſt have ſunk under th attempt. And I remember one grea grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not ſee more of this uni on and concurring kindneſs, by which all the burdens might have been ſo eaſi ly divided. It troubled me to obſerve that of all the laws of the Valley there was not one more frequently broken than *the law of kindness*.

The Negroes.

I now ſpied a ſwarm of poor black men, women and children, a multitude

hich no man could number; theſe roaned, and toiled, and ſweated, and ed under far heavier loads than I had en. But for a while no man helped em; at length a few white travellers ere touched with the ſorrowful ſighing f thoſe millions, and very heartily id they put their hands to the burdens; ut their number was not quite equal to e work they had undertaken. I perceived, however, that they never loſt ght of thoſe poor heavy laden wretchs and as the number of thoſe generous elpers encreaſed, I felt a comfortable ope, that before all the blacks got out f the Valley, the whites would fairly ivide the burden, and the loads would e effectually lightened.

Among the travellers, I had occaſion o remark, that thoſe who moſt kicked nd ſtruggled under their burdens, ony made them ſo much the heavier; for heir ſhoulders became extremely galled y thoſe vain ſtruggles. The load, if orne patiently, would in the end have urned even to the advantage of the earers (for ſo the Lord of the Valley

had kindly decreed) but as to thef
grumblers they had all the ſmart an
none of the benefit. But the thin
which made all theſe burdens ſeem
very heavy was, that in every one wit
out exception, there was a certain *inne*
pacquet, which moſt of the Traveller
took pains to conceal, and careſull
wrap up; and while they were forwar
enough to complain of the other part o
their burdens, few ſaid a word abou
this; though in truth it was the preſſin
weight of this *ſecret pacquet* which ſer
ved to render the general burden ſo in
tolerable. In ſpite of all their caution
I contrived to get a peep at it, I foun
in each that this pacquet had the ſam
label; the word SIN was written on a
as a general title, and in ink ſo blac
that they could not waſh it out. I ob
ſerved that moſt of them took no ſma
pains to hide the writing; but I wa
ſurprized to ſee that they did not try t
get rid of the load but the label. If an
kind friend who aſſiſted theſe people i
bearing their burdens, did but ſo muc
as hint at the *ſecret pacquet*, or adviſ
them to get rid of it, they took fire a

nce, and commonly denied they had
ny ſuch article in their portmanteau;
nd it was thoſe whoſe *secret pacquet*
velled to the moſt enormous ſize, who
oſt ſtoutly denied they had any.

I ſaw with pleaſure, however, that
me who had long laboured heartily to
et rid of this inward pacquet at length
ound it much diminiſhed, and the more
is pacquet ſhrunk in ſize, the lighter
as the other part of their burdens al-
o.

Then, methought, all at once, I
eard a voice as it had been the voice
f an angel, crying out and ſaying,
Ye unhappy Pilgrims, why are ye
roubled about the burden which ye
re doomed to bear through this Valley
f tears? Know ye not that as ſoon as
e ſhall have eſcaped out of this Valley,
he whole burden ſhall drop off, provi-
ed ye neglect not to remove that in-
ard weight of SIN which principally
ppreſſes you? Study then the whole
Will of the Lord of this Valley. Learn
rom him how this heavy part of your

burdens may now be leſſened, and ho
at laſt it ſhall be removed for ever. B
comforted. Faith and Hope may chee
you even in this Valley. The paſſag
though it ſeems long to weary Trave
lers, is comparatively ſhort; for beyon
it there is a Land of everlaſting Re
where ye ſhall hunger no more, neithe
thirſt any more, where ye ſhall be le
by living fountains of water, and a
tears ſhall be wiped away from you
eyes." Z.

THE

VALLEY OF TEARS.

PART II.

NOW I had a ſecond viſion of what was paſſing in *the Valley of Tears*. Methought I ſaw again the ſame kind of travellers whom I had ſeen in the former part, and they were wandering at large through the ſame vaſt wilderneſs. At firſt ſetting out on his journey, each traveller had a ſmall lamp ſo fixed in his boſom that it ſeemed to make a part of himſelf, but as this *natural light* did not prove to be ſufficient to direct them in the right way, the king of the country, in pity to their wanderings and their blindneſs, out of his gracious condeſcenſion promiſed to give theſe poor way-faring people an additional ſupply

of light from his own Royal Treasury
But as he did not chuse to laviſh his
favours where there ſeemed no diſpoſi
on to receive them, he would not beſto
any of his oil on ſuch as did not thi
it worth aſking for. *Ask and ye sha*
have, was the rule he laid down f
them. Many were prevented from a
ing through pride, for they thought the
had light enough already, preferri
the feeble glimmerings of their ow
lamp to all the light from the king
treaſury. Yet it was obſerved of tho
who rejected it, as thinking they ha
enough, that hardly any acted up
what even their own light ſhewed the
Others were deterred from aſking, b
cauſe they were told that it not on
pointed out the dangers and difficulti
of the road but by a certain reflecti
power, it turned inward on themſelve
and revealed to them ugly ſights
their own hearts, to which they rath
choſe to be blind: for thoſe Travelle
chose darkness rather than light, becau
their deeds were evil. Now it was
markable that theſe two properties we
inſeparable, and that the lamp would

of little outward uſe, except to thoſe who uſed it as an internal reflector. A threat and a promiſe alſo never failed to accompany the offer of this light from the king, a promiſe that to thoſe who improved what they had, *more ſhould be given, and a threat that from thoſe who did not use it wisely, ſhould be taken away even what they had.*

I obſerved that when the road was very dangerous, when terrors and difficulties and death beſet the faithful traveller, then on their fervent importunity, the king voluntarily gave large and bountiful ſupplies of light, ſuch as in common ſeaſons never could have been expected; always proportioning the quantity given to the neceſſity of the caſe, *as their day was, ſuch was their light and ſtrength.*

Though many choſe to depend entirely on their own lamp, yet it was obſerved that this light was apt to go out if left to itſelf. It was eaſily blown out by thoſe violent guſts which were perpetually howling through the wilderneſs, and

indeed it was the natural tendency
that unwholeſome atmoſphere to extu
guiſh it, juſt as you have ſeen a cand
go out when expoſed to the vapours an
foul air of a damp room. It was a me
lancholy ſight to ſee multitudes of Tra
vellers heedleſsly pacing on, boaſtin
they had light enough, and deſpiſing th
offer of more. But what aſtoniſhed m
moſt of all was, to ſee many, and ſom
of them too accounted men of firſt ra
wit, actually buſy in blowing out the
own light, becauſe while any ſpark
it remained, it only ſerved to torme
them, and point out things which th
did not wiſh to ſee. And having on
blown out their own light, they we
not eaſy till they had blown out that
their neighbour's alſo; ſo that a go
part of the wilderneſs ſeemed to ex
bit a ſort of univerſal *blindman's bu*
each endeavouring to catch his neig
bour, while his own voluntary blindn
expoſed him to be caught himſelf,
that each was actually falling into t
ſnare he was laying for another, till
length, as ſelfiſhneſs is the natural co
ſequence of blindneſs, "catch he th

atch can," became the general cry, roughout the wilderneſs.

Now I ſaw in my viſion, that there ere ſome others who were buſy in rewing the moſt gaudy flowers over e numerous bogs, precipices, and pit- lls, with which the wilderneſs abound- , and thus making danger and death ok ſo gay, that poor thoughtleſs crea- res ſeemed to delight in their own de- ruction. Thoſe pit-falls did not ap- ear deep or dangerous, becauſe over hem were raiſed gay edifices with allu- ng names, in which were ſinging men nd ſinging women, and dancing, and aſting, and gaming, and drinking, nd jollity, and madneſs. But though e ſcenery was gay, the footing was nſound. The floors were full of holes, rough which the unthinking merry- akers were continually ſinking. Some mbled through in the middle of a ſong, any at the end of a feaſt, and though ere was many a cup of intoxication reathed with flowers, yet there was al- ays poiſon at the bottom. But what oſt ſurprized me was, that though no

day paſt over their heads in which ſome of thoſe merry-makers did not drop through, yet their loſs made little impreſſion on thoſe who were left. Nay, inſtead of being awakened to more circumſpection and ſelf denial by the continual dropping off of thoſe about them, ſeveral of them ſeemed to borrow from thence an argument of a direct contrary tendency, and the very ſhortneſs of the time was only urged as a reaſon to uſe it more ſedulouſly for the indulgence in ſenſual delights. *Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die. Let us crown ourſelves with roſe-buds before they are withered.* With theſe and a thouſand other ſuch little mottos, the gay garlands of the wilderneſs were decorated. Some admired poets were ſet to work to put the moſt corrupt ſentiments into the moſt harmonious tunes; theſe were ſung without ſcruple, chiefly indeed by the looſer ſons of riot, but not ſeldom alſo by the more orderly daughters of ſobriety, who were not aſhamed to ſing to the ſound of inſtruments, ſentiments ſo corrupt and immoral, that they would have bluſhed to ſpeak or read them;

but the muſic ſeemed to ſanctify the corruption, eſpecially ſuch as was connected with love or drinking.

Now I obſerved that all the travellers who had ſo much as a ſpark of light left, ſeemed every now and then, as they moved onwards, to caſt an eye, though with very different degrees of attention, towards the *happy land*, which they were told lay at the end of their journey: but as they could not ſee very far forward, and as they knew there was a *dark and ſhadowy valley* which muſt needs be croſſed before they could attain to the *happy land*, they tried to turn their attention from it as much as they could. The truth is, they were not ſufficiently apt to conſult a map which the king had given them, and which pointed out the *road* to the happy land ſo clearly, that *the way-faring man though ſimple could not err*. This map alſo defined very correctly the boundaries of the *happy land* from the *land of miſery*, both of which lay on the other ſide of the *dark and ſhadowy valley*; but ſo many beacons and light-houſes were

erected, ſo many clear and explicit directions furniſhed for avoiding the one country and attaining the other, that it was not the king's fault, if even one ſingle Traveller got wrong. But I am inclined to think that in ſpite of the map, and the king's word, and his offers of aſſiſtance to get them thither, that the Travellers in general did not heartily and truly believe after all, that there was any ſuch country as the *happy land;* or at leaſt the paltry and tranſient pleaſures of the wilderneſs ſo beſotted them, the thoughts of the *dark and ſhadowy valley* ſo frightened them, that they thought they ſhould be more comfortable by baniſhing all thought and forecaſt.

Now I alſo ſaw in my dream, that there were two roads through the wilderneſs, one of which every Traveller muſt needs take. The firſt was narrow, and difficult and rough, but it was infallibly ſafe. It did not admit the Traveller to ſtray either to the right hand or the left, yet it was far from being deſtitute of real comforts or ſober plea-

ſures. The other was a *broad and tempting way*, abounding with luxurious fruits and gaudy flowers to tempt the eye, and pleaſe the appetite. To forget this dark valley, through which every Traveller was well aſſured he muſt one day paſs, ſeemed indeed the object of general deſire. To this grand end, all that human ingenuity could invent was induſtriouſly ſet to work. The Travellers read, and they wrote, and they painted, and they ſung, and they danced, and they drank as they went along, not ſo much becauſe they all cared for theſe things, or had any real joy in them, as becauſe this reſtleſs activity ſerved to divert their attention from ever being fixed on the *dark and shadowy valley*.

The king, who knew the thoughtleſs temper of the Travellers, and how apt they were to forget their journey's end, had thought of a thouſand little kind attentions to warn them of their dangers. And as we ſometimes ſee in our gardens written on a board in great letters, BEWARE OF SPRING GUNS—MAN TRAPS

ARE SET HERE; ſo had this king cauſed to be written and ſtuck up before the eyes of the Travellers, ſeveral like notices and cautions, ſuch as *Broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction—Take heed leſt ye alſo periſh—Woe to them that riſe up early to drink wine—The pleaſures of ſin are but for a ſeaſon*, &c. Such were the notices directed to the *broad-way* Travellers, but they were ſo buſily engaged in plucking the flowers ſometimes before they were blown, and in devouring the fruits, often before they were ripe, and in loading themſelves with *yellow clay*, under the weight of which millions periſhed, that they had no time ſo much as to look at the king's directions. Many went wrong becauſe they prefered a merry journey to a ſafe one, and were terrified by certain notices chiefly intended for the *narrow-way* Travellers, ſuch as *ye ſhall weep and lament, but the world ſhall rejoice*; but had theſe fooliſh people allowed themſelves time or patience to read to the end, which they ſeldom would do, they would have ſeen theſe comfortable words added, *but your ſor-*

row shall be turned into joy, alſo, *your joy no man taketh from you, and they that ſow in tears ſhall reap in joy.*

Now I alſo ſaw in my dream, that many travellers who had a ſtrong dread of ending at the *Land of misery*, walked up to the *Strait Gate*, hoping that though the entrance was narrow, yet if they could once get in, the road would widen; but what was their grief, when on looking more cloſely they ſaw written on the inſide *narrow is the way*; this made them take fright, they compared the inſcription with which the whole way was lined, ſuch as, *be ye not conformed to this world—deny yourſelves, take up your croſs*, with all the tempting pleaſures of the wilderneſs. Some indeed recollected the fine deſcriptions they had read of the *Happy Lana, the Golden City, and the Rivers of Pleaſures*, and they ſighed: but then, thoſe joys were diſtant, and from the faintneſs of their light they ſoon got to think that that was remote might be uncertain, and while the preſent good increaſed in talk by it's nearneſs, the diſtant good

receded, diminiſhed, diſappeared! Their faith failed, they would truſt no farther than they could ſee; they drew back and got into the *Broad Way*, taking a common but ſad refuge in the number and gaiety of their companions. When theſe faint-hearted people, who yet had ſet out well, turned back, their light was quite put out, and then they became worſe than thoſe who had made no attempt to get in. "For it is impoſſible, that is, it is next to impoſſible for thoſe who were once enlightened and have taſted of the heavenly gift and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they fall away, to renew them again to repentance."

A few honeſt humble Travellers not naturally ſtronger than the reſt, but ſtrengthened by their truſt in the king's word, came up by the light of their lamps, and meekly entered in at the *Strait Gate;* as they advanced farther they felt leſs heavy, and though the way did not in reality grow wider, yet they grew reconciled to the narrowneſs of

especially when they saw the walls here
and there studded with certain jewels
called *promises*, such as *he that endureth*
to the end shall be saved. And *my grace*
is sufficient for you. Some when they
were almost ready to faint, were encou-
raged by seeing that many niches in the
Narrow Way were filled with statues
and pictures of Saints and Martyrs,
who had borne their testimony at the
stake, that the *Narrow Way* was the
safe way; and these Travellers, instead
of sinking at the sight of the painted
wheel and gibbet, the sword and the fur-
nace, were animated by these words
written under them, *those that wear*
white robes came out of great tribulation,
and *be ye followers of those who, through*
faith and patience, inherit the promises.

In the mean time there came a great
multitude of Travellers, all from *Laodi-*
cea; this was the largest party I had yet
seen: these were *neither hot nor cold*,
they would not give up future hope,
they could not endure present pain;
they contrived to deceive themselves
fancying that they resolved to keep

the *happy land* in view, yet that there must needs be many different ways which led to it, no doubt all equally sure. without being all equally rough; so they set on foot little contrivances to attain the end without using the means and softened down the spirit of the king's directions to fit them to their own practice. Sometimes they would split a direction in two, and only use that half which suited them. For instance, when they met with the following rule, *Trust in the Lord, and be doing good*, they would take the first half, and make themselves easy with a general sort of trust that through the mercy of the king all would go well with them, though they themselves did nothing; and on the other hand, many made sure that a few good works of their own would do their business, and carry them safely to the *happy land*, though they did *not* trust in the Lord, nor place any faith in his word. Thus some perished by a lack of faith, and others by a working principle. A large party of *Pharisees* now appeared, who had so neglected their land that they did not see their way at

hough they fancied themſelves to be
ll of light; they kept up appearances
o well, as to delude others, and moſt
ffectually to delude themſelves with a
ction that they might be found in the
ght way at laſt. In this dreadful de-
uſion they went on to the end, and till
ey were finally plunged in the dark
alley, never diſcovered the horrors
hich awaited them on the diſmal ſhore.
was remarkable that while theſe Pha-
ſees were often boaſting how bright
eir light burnt, in order to get the
raiſe of men, the humble travellers,
hoſe ſteady light ſhewed their good
orks to others, refuſed all commenda-
on, and the brighter their light ſhined
efore men, ſo much the more they in-
ſted that they ought to glorify not them-
lves, but *their father which is in hea-*
en.

I now ſet myſelf to obſerve what was
e particular lett, moleſtation, and hin-
rance, which obſtructed particular Tra-
ellers in their endeavours to enter in
the Strait Gate. I remarked a huge
ortly man who ſeemed deſirous of get-

ting in, but he carried about him such a vast provision of bags full of gold, and had on so many rich garments which stuffed him out so wide, that though he pushed and squeezed, like one who had really a mind to get in, yet he could not possibly do so. Then I heard a voice crying, *woe to him that loadeth himself with thick clay.* The poor man felt something was wrong, and even went so far as to change some of his more cumbersome vanities into others which seemed less bulky, but still he and his pack were much too wide for the gate. He would not however give up the matter so easily, but began to throw away a little of the coarser part of his baggage, but still I remarked that he threw away none of the vanities which lay near his heart. He tried again, but it would not do; still his dimensions were too large. He now looked up and read these words, "how hardly shall those who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The poor man sighed to find that it was impossible to enjoy his fill of both worlds, *and went away sorrowing.* If he ever afterwards ca

thought towards the *happy land*, it as only to regret that the road which d to it was too narrow to admit any t the meagre children of want, who ere not so encumbered by wealth as to too big for the passage. Had he read he would have seen that *with God all ings are possible*.

Another advanced with much confi- nce of success, for having little world- riches or honours, the gate did not em so strait to him. He got to the reshhold triumphantly, and seemed to k back with disdain on all that he s quitting. He soon found, however, t he was so bloated with pride, and ffed out with self sufficiency, that he uld not get in. Nay, he was in a rse way than the rich man just named; *he* was willing to throw away some his outward luggage, whereas this n refused to part with a grain of t vanity and self applause which made too big for the way. The sense of own worth so swelled him out, that stuck fast in the *gateway*, and could ither get in nor out. Finding now

that he muſt cut off all thoſe big thoughts of himſelf if he wiſhed to be reduced to ſuch a ſize as to paſs the gate, he gave up all thoughts of it. He ſcorned that humility and ſelf-denial which might have ſhrunk him down to the proper dimenſions; the more he inſiſted on his own qualifications for entrance, the more impoſſible it came, for the bigger he grew. Finding that he muſt become quite another manner of man before he could hope to get in, he gave up the deſire; and I now ſaw that though when he ſet his face towards the *happy land* he could not get an inch forward, yet the inſtant he made a motion to turn back into the world, his ſpeed became rapid enough, and he ſoon got back into the *broad way*.

Many, who for a time were brought down from their uſual bulk by ſome affliction, ſeemed to get in with eaſe. They now thought all their difficulties over, for having been ſurfeited with the world, during their late diſappointment they turned their backs upon it willingly enough. A fit of ſickneſs pe

haps, which is very apt to reduce, had for a time brought their bodies into subjection, so that they were able just to get in at the *gateway*; but as soon as health and spirits returned, the way grew narrower and narrower to them; they could not get on but turned short, and got back into the world. I saw many attempt to enter who were stopt short by a large burden of worldly cares; others by a load of idolatrous attachments; but I observed that nothing proved a more complete bar than that vast bundle of prejudices with which multitudes were loaded. Others were fatally obstructed by loads of bad habits which they would not lay down, though they knew it prevented their entrance. Some few, however, of most descriptions, who had kept their light alive by craving constant supplies from the king's treasury, got through at last by a strength which they felt not to be their own. One poor man, who carried the largest bundle of bad habits I had seen, could not get on a step; he never ceased however, to implore for light enough to see where his misery lay, he threw down

one of his bundles, then another, bu
all to little purpoſe, ſtill he could no
ſtir. At laſt *striving as if in agon*
(which is the true way of entering
threw down the heavieſt article in h
pack; this was *ſelfiſhness*, the poor fe
low felt relieved at once, his ligh
burnt brightly and the reſt of his pac
was as nothing.

Then I heard a great noiſe as of ca
penters at work. I looked what th
might be, and ſaw many ſturdy trave
lers, who finding they were too bulk
to get through, took it into their hea
not to reduce themſelves, but to wide
the gate; they hacked on this ſide an
hewed on that; but all their hackin
and hewing, and hammering, was to
purpoſe, they got only their labour f
their pains; it was poſſible they mig
have reduced themſelves, but they cou
not widen the way.

What grieved me moſt was to obſer
that many who had got on ſucceſsful
a good way, now ſtopped to reſt, and
admire their own progreſs. While th

ere thus valuing themſelves on their tainments, their light diminiſhed. hile theſe were boaſting how far they d left others behind, who had ſet out uch earlier, ſome ſlower Travellers, hoſe beginning had not been ſo pro- ſing, but who had walked carefully, w out ſtripped them. Theſe laſt walk- , " not as though they had already ained, but this one thing they did, rgetting the things which were behind ey puſhed forward toward the mark the prize of their high calling." heſe, though naturally weak; yet, *by ing aside every weight*, finiſhed the e that was ſet before them. Thoſe o had kept their *light burning*, who *e not wise in their own conceit*, who *l their help on one that is mighty*, who *chosen to suffer affliction rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin*, came at gth to the *happy land*. They had in- d the *dark and shadowy valley* to s; but even there they found a *rod a staff* to comfort them. Their t, inſtead of being put out by the ps of the valley of the ſhadow of h, often burnt with added bright-

neſs. Some indeed ſuffered the terro
of a ſhort eclipſe; but even then the
light, like that of a dark lanthorn, w
not put out; it was only hid for
while, and even theſe often finiſh
their courſe with joy. But be that as
might, the inſtant they reached t
Happy Land, all tears were wiped fr
their eyes, and the King himſelf ca
forth and welcomed them into his p
ſence, and put a crown upon th
heads, with theſe words, *Well d
good and faithful ſervant, enter thou
to the joy of thy LORD.*

Z

☞ Next week will be publiſhed, The Black Prince a true ſtory.